

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Lancashire Superstitions passed from days of old.

In Lancashire's land of tales and lore, Where customs old are cherished evermore, A tapestry woven with beliefs untold, Superstitions passed from days of old.  
A flame that flickers in the hearth's embrace, Determines life's length, a fiery grace. Bright and bold, a sign of years ahead, While dim and faint, a fate to dread.  
The poker stirs the embers, sparks arise, Testing love's humor, a lover's guise. Blazing fire, a good-humored heart, A dull glow, a love torn apart.  
Crooked sixpence and coins with holes, Lucky charms to ward off woe's tolls. Fortune's favor, they are believed to bring, A pocketful of luck, a hopeful fling.  
Beware the Friday's and Sunday's bane, No nails to trim, no fortune to gain. Unlucky deeds, in days divine, A superstitious warning, a cautious sign.  
When ears do burn, with heat ablaze, Praises or curses in whispered haze. Left side praised, right side defamed, Words unspoken, by flames unnamed.  
Backwards steps, a path of fate, A warning to children, not too late. Misfortune looms for those who dare, To walk askance, a future unfair.  
A horseshoe's magic, a witch's bane, Behind doors, protection to attain. Hagstone's key, tied with sacred thread, Horses guarded, nightmares shed.  
The churn's charm, a hot iron's might, Expelling witches, banishing their blight. Baker's dough marked with cross's grace, Protection sought in every case.  
Warts banished by a snail so black, Rubbed gently, then on hawthorn's track. Pebbles tossed, a transfer of pain, To those who chance upon the bag's disdain.  
Black snails seized, by their very horn, A guarantee of fortune, a luck reborn. Tossed with hope, their magic bestowed, Fortunate winds, on life's path they rode.  
Bleeding halted, with words unknown, A secret charm by those who've shown, Mystic power to stop life's red flow, A whispered cure, a mystic tableau.  
Bewitching curses, passed with breath, Transferred from one to another, in death. A tale of secrets and dark desires, Mysterious forces, tangled in ancestral spires.  
Cramp's defeat, a simple trick, Toes peeking from covers, warding off the prick. Garters tied, on the left leg's embrace, Superstitions protect, aches they chase.  
Charmed rings and belts, remedies sought, Against dyspepsia and rheumatism's plot. Worn with hope, their enchantment holds, A promise of relief, as destiny unfolds.  
Red-haired first, on New Year's Day, Ill-luck they bring, or so they say. Black-haired rewarded, with mirth and cheer, Bringing in the new year, a joyful frontier.  
New Year's Eve, a fire's test, Burning through the night, to ward off unrest. A coal or candle, shared in kind, Misfortune bestowed, a tie that binds.  
In Lancashire's embrace, these customs abide, A tapestry of beliefs, woven with pride.  
Folklore's whispers, passed from the past, In rituals and tales, their legacy will last.

By Donald Jay.